

## GRAND THEATRE

HELD'S  
MILITARY  
BAND CONCERT

January 8, 1905.

March, "Olympia" ..... Clark  
 Selection, "Freischuetz" ..... Weber  
 Reminiscences of 100 Years. Clements  
 (A History of a Military Company.)  
 See Synopsis Below.  
 Violin Solo, "Serenata".....Moszkowsky  
 Mr. Gustav H. Schuster.  
 Suite ..... Bendix  
 "Longing" .....  
 "Meeting" (A Love Song) .....  
 Soprano Solo, Selected .....  
 ..... Miss Emily Larsen  
 Intermezzo, "Mousme" ..... Eugene  
 Popular Selection from "Dolly  
 Varden" ..... Julian Edwards

## AMUSEMENTS.

Salt Lake Theatre—Dark.

Grand Theatre—"The Fatal Scar,"  
 matinee today, performance tonight;  
 Held's band concert tomorrow even-  
 ing.

Utahna Theatre—Lindsay Girls in  
 "The Two Orphans," all week.



## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Salt Lake Theatre—Florence Gale  
 in "As You Like It," Jan. 9-11th;  
 "Edna Wallace Hopper" in "A Coun-  
 try Mouse," Jan. 12-14th.

Whether it were a mere coinci-  
 dence of the calendar, or the actual  
 design of a shrewd management,  
 matters little, so that we got "The  
 Winter's Tale," with its poetic  
 warmth at this season of the year,  
 when prosaic ear muffs are in great  
 demand. That Shakespeare should  
 have given such a title to a drama  
 that burns with jealousy and love is  
 a literary paradox allowable only to a  
 genius of erecting its own  
 standards. In no other Shakespearean  
 drama do extremes so often meet and  
 contrasts so run in parallels; no other  
 drama in which caprice and chance  
 play such pranks with dull reality.  
 Florizel and Perdita walk the roman-  
 tic paths where love, like the lotus  
 flower, lures them into a sweet for-

getfulness of all save the fragrance  
 of dreaming youth, in a world where  
 dreams come true. Against the mad  
 passion of Leontes, the king, is set the  
 passionless Hermione, the queen, in  
 poetic contrast to the storm and fury  
 that breaks above the child left upon  
 the lonely coast, there follows the  
 quiet woodland scene of fair Bohemia  
 and Perdita, dancing like a nymph  
 among the leaves and flowers. And,  
 then, again the strange touch of magic  
 by which Hermione steps down from  
 the pedestal and out of her supposed  
 death of sixteen years into the arms  
 of her repentant king—into the arms  
 of her newly found Perdita, the fairy  
 princess.

There is only one genius in the  
 world who could make all these ex-  
 tremes wear the livery of romantic  
 truth and give to them the semblance  
 of flesh and blood—the illusion, at-  
 mosphere and suggestiveness of poetic  
 reality. But, you must put yourself  
 wholly under the influence of Shakes-  
 peare before you can appreciate the  
 beauty of it—before you can see the  
 glamor of it, or feel the poetry of it.

You must walk into the Shakespeare  
 temple with your shoes in your hand,  
 else the creaking of your boots fright-  
 ened Imagination away from the Dra-  
 matic Altar.

Mr. Warde played the jealous, re-  
 pentant Leontes with that scholarly  
 conception of the part we had a right  
 to expect from such a well-known stu-  
 dent of Shakespeare. But, I have al-  
 ways thought, the great fault of Mr.  
 Warde lies in the prominence he gives  
 to intelligence rather than tempera-  
 ment—the moods and tenses of pas-  
 sion, the lights and shades of expres-  
 sion are more a matter of feeling than  
 mental analysis.

This fault is, of course, radical and  
 quite beyond the personal control of  
 the actor. Because of it, however, Mr.  
 Warde had never been able to climb  
 the dramatic heights attained by Ed-  
 win Booth, whose acting was a mirror  
 of temperament and feeling. Mr.  
 Warde's most convincing moments are  
 in the portrayal of jealous anger and  
 green-eyed suspicion—in face, voice  
 and action he sounds the depths of  
 cruel passion with a fidelity that car-  
 ries him beyond the mimic player. But  
 he is less happy in the portrayal of  
 love and the gentler passions of the  
 heart; indeed, he acts the lover as if  
 he had learned the tricks of wooing  
 from a book.

In the earlier acts of "The Winter's  
 Tale"—up to and including the trial  
 scene—Mr. Warde might have been  
 Leontes, the jealous king and hus-

band; afterwards, when swayed by  
 gentle passions, he was hardly more  
 than Mr. Warde wearing a royal cos-  
 tume. Miss Kathryn Kidder, while in  
 Salt Lake, was suffering from illness  
 and bravely sustained her lines de-  
 spite her sickness. It is hardly fair,  
 under the circumstances, to make her  
 the subject of anything but indulgent  
 criticism. She acted the passionless,  
 exalted Hermione with a queenly dig-  
 nity more natural than assumed. In  
 her stage presence, at least, she had  
 illusion and justified her words as  
 "daughter of a king."

But, considering the wide dramatic  
 experience of Miss Kidder, there is  
 great surprise that she is so limited  
 in those necessary qualities of an ac-  
 tress, facial expression and illustrative  
 gesture. As was to be expected, her  
 Perdita hardly breathed the youthful  
 poetry of Shakespeare's princess in the  
 rustic guise of the shepherd's daugh-  
 ter. It was, of course, quite impossi-  
 ble for Miss Kidder to snap her fin-  
 gers in the face of time and emerge  
 from the end of the hour-glass as a  
 maid of sixteen years.

A few—a very few—of the support-  
 ing company were acceptable, but, by  
 some freak of arrangement, they filled  
 the minor rolls. Little Walter Burris  
 played Hamillius, the youthful son of  
 Leontes, with a dramatic intelligence  
 quite beyond his years.

Camillo, the second male character  
 in importance, in the hands of Augus-  
 tus Balfour, would hardly have been  
 tolerated by Shakespeare in the palmy  
 days of the Globe theatre. The King  
 of Bohemia by Wadsworth Harris was  
 a clear case of uneasy lies the head  
 that wears a dramatic crown—he car-  
 ried his royal robes like a masquera-  
 der.

Dudley Kellard, as Florizel, seemed  
 to take evident pride in the opportu-  
 nity for display given by his scanty  
 shepherd's costume, revealing, as it  
 did, two symmetrical understudies,  
 whose well-rounded support were care-  
 fully studied through every opera-  
 glass in the house. If the ability to  
 fill tights with shapely legs were a  
 dramatic distinction, Mr. Kellard could  
 go starring next season.

The Paulina of Mrs. Welles, despite  
 the harshness of her voice, was well  
 done. However, Shakespeare has  
 grown to be such a rarity that I for  
 one, am sorry that Frederick Warde is  
 to retire from the classic stage. He  
 has done much to elevate the drama.  
 Who will take his place after he goes  
 to the lecture platform?

There were a few vacant seats mak-  
 ing empty faces at Mr. Zimmerman

HELD'S MILITARY  
BAND.....

A. S. ZIMMERMAN, MANAGER

## Grand Theatre

TOMORROW  
SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTMiss Emily Larsen,  
SOPRANO SOLOTICKETS ON SALE  
ALL DAY SATURDAY

40 - PIECES - 40

last Sunday evening at the Grand. The  
 night was awfully cold and a number  
 of Held's clients naturally preferred  
 radiators to trombones, while those of  
 us who turned out heard a program of  
 such musical warmth as caused us to  
 turn down our storm collars. The  
 numbers which found most favor with  
 the audience were the light and famil-



Edna Wallace Hopper

SALT LAKE THEATRE  
GEO. D. PYPER  
MANAGER  
CURTAIN-815

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Wednesday Matinee

KANE, SHIPMAN AND COLVIN PRESENT

Florence Gale &amp; Co.

IN SHAKESPEARIAN COMEDY

"As You Like It."

Price 25c to \$1.50, Matinee 25c to \$1.00. Sale Now On.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Mr. Frank McKee Presents

Edna Wallace Hopper

in "A COUNTRY MOUSE" and the  
Curtain raiser, "CAPTAN JANUARY."

Price 25c to \$1.50, Matinee 25c to \$1.00. Sale Tuesday.

lar selections from "The Fortune Tel-  
 ler" and "Princess Chic"—something  
 to which we could swing our feet and  
 knock the chill out of our toes.

In keeping with the new policy in  
 vogue for the past few concerts, we  
 were given two vocalists, Mr. Charles  
 Stalter and Miss Etella Masters. Mr.  
 Stalter must have been out coasting  
 with a sleighing party, as there was  
 too much frost in his voice for the oily  
 unction required in his love ballads.  
 Miss Etella Masters made her second  
 bow at the Grand last Sunday evening.  
 On Miss Masters' first appearance, I  
 threw her a bouquet of fragrant ad-  
 jectives and I find that the musical  
 ears of the town have since justified  
 my praise of this sweet-voiced stran-  
 ger. Her songs, "If Thou Didst But  
 Love Me" and "The Holy City," gave  
 her an opportunity to display varying  
 vocal temperament, as well as voice  
 flexibility and range, to all of which  
 her rich soprano voice responded with